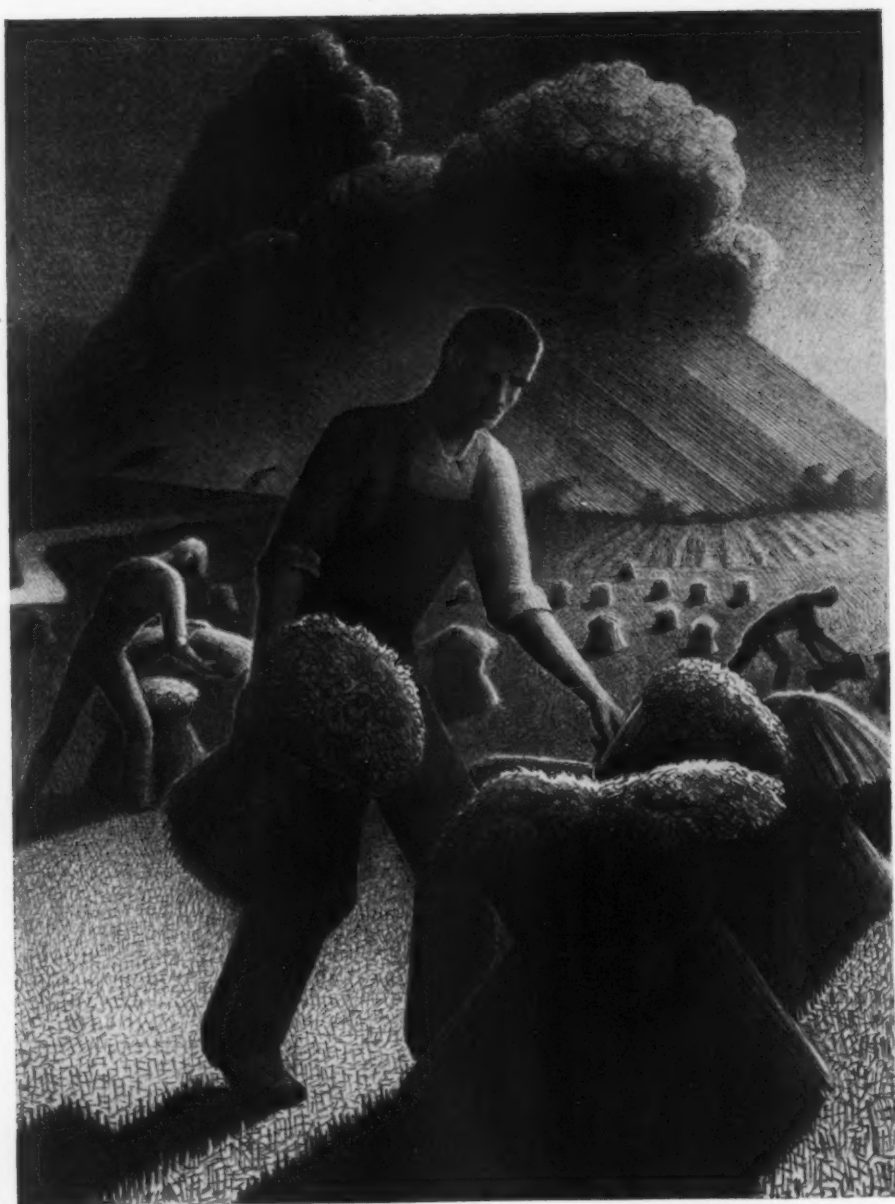


American Junior Red Cross

NEWS



May 1943



ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS

APPROACHING STORM

Lithograph by Grant Wood



AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



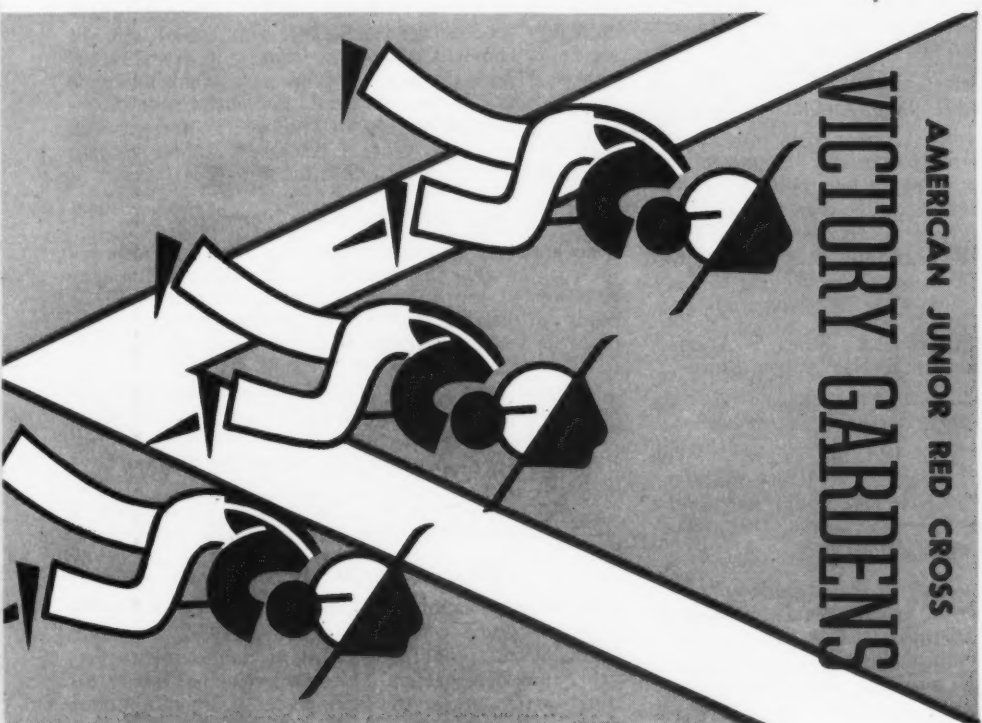
SERVING IN SUMMER

FIT FOR SERVICE—Build your own health during vacation. *Some ways:* Outdoor play and work, quiet periods of reading (outdoors if possible), plenty of sleep, eating summer fruits and green vegetables from gardens.

Find ways to relieve parents and older brothers and sisters so that they can be more efficient in defense work. Share play with other children who may lack some of your opportunities.

SERVICE FUNDS—During the summer earn money for the IRC Service Fund and the National Children's Fund. *Some ideas:* A variety show matinee, a tithe of your chore money, seeds from your garden, home-made household conveniences that mothers cannot get into town to buy, a refreshment stand with old fashioned lemonade, fruits in season, home-made icecream for which everyone donates a small amount of sugar and milk, home-made sandwiches. Set an example of a sanitary market. Wrap sandwiches, protect fruits and drinks. **YOUNG MEMBERS, HAVE A DOLL BEAUTY SHOW, CHARGE FOR ENTRIES AND FOR VISITORS.**

HUMAN RELATIONS—



SERVING IN SUMMER

NATIONAL SERVICE—Stand by our armed forces in their fight for victory. Make greeting cards for hospitalized men to send home on Mother's Day. Have favors ready for holidays.

Make Entertainment Folios—large envelopes with cardboard games such as a jigsaw puzzle, a booklet of crossword puzzles, a joke book, a quiz or riddle book. Arrange for inspection of gifts.

COMMUNITY SERVICE—Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to help you find out what groups can use your help. Can you help by playing with younger children, by mending clothes, by sharing in recreation?

Examples of play things you may make: spools of different sizes painted bright colors, sorted according to size and color and packed in decorated boxes or bright cloth bags. Include cords so that the spools may be used for stringing as well as building.

Collect and sort beads from broken strands. Include strong threads for restringing. Make macaroni beads of different colors and send them with strings for necklaces.

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Victory Garden" (front cover), "Approaching Storm," "Australia's Flag," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "Animals of Texas," "Iceland Scroll"

Geography:

Australia—"Australia's Flag"

China—"Free China's Champion"

Iceland—"Iceland Scroll"

Russia—"Large Family"

U. S. A.—"Sound Effects by Oliver Ott," "Dinner Was Late," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "Animals of Texas"

United Nations—"Victory Garden," "Sound Effects by Oliver Ott," "Free China's Champion," "Badge of Honor," "Three Reminders," "Australia's Flag," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "Large Family," "News Parade," "Iceland Scroll," "Summer Planning"

Nature Study:

"Victory Garden," "Approaching Storm," "Animals of Texas," "The Wizard and His Magic Powder," "Summer Planning"

Primary Grades:

"Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "The Wizard and His Magic Powder," "Victory Garden," "Opening the Cottage," and (to hear read if not to read for themselves) "Sound Effects by Oliver Ott," "Australia's Flag," "Summer Planning"

Units:

Animals and Bugs—"Animals of Texas," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory"

Democracy—"Free China's Champion," "Australia's Flag," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "Badge of Honor," "Large Family," "News Parade"

Gardening—"Victory Garden," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "Three Reminders," "The Wizard and His Magic Powder," "Summer Planning"

Inventions and Machinery—"Dinner Was Late," "Sound Effects by Oliver Ott"

Vacation—"Victory Garden," "Sound Effects by Oliver Ott," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "Large Family," "Animals of Texas," "News Parade," "Summer Planning," "Opening the Cottage"

War Work—"Victory Garden," "Sound Effects by Oliver Ott," "Youngest Members! All Out for Victory," "Badge of Honor," "Large Family," "News Parade," "Iceland Scroll," "Summer Planning"

The Braille Edition

Features chosen for the Braille News for May are: "Sound Effects by Oliver Ott," "Free China's Champion," "Badge of Honor," "Three Reminders," "Large Family," and "News Parade."

If You Move

Every fall many magazines are returned because the teachers to whom they were addressed have moved. Not only is this costly, but the Junior Red Cross members are deprived of their magazines until the matter can be straightened out. Will you please help us to avoid the waste and the delay?

If the Junior Red Cross publications for your school come addressed to you personally and if you are changing schools next fall, will you please appoint someone who will make sure that your Area Headquarters Office is notified of the new teacher's name and address. If there is no Junior Red Cross Chairman to take care of this for you, and no teacher who will be there next year, a responsible older student might be appointed to look after it.

New Patterns and a New Play

Several new toy patterns have recently been released: an elephant, a pig, a teddybear, and a dog. A panda, a giraffe, and a kangaroo family will be ready for distribution by the time this is printed. The patterns are small enough so that the toys can be made from scraps of material.

A Nutrition play, which is also excellent for encouraging dental care, is ready for distribution. It is called "The King's Toothache." The players can be either live boys and girls, or puppets worked by the live boys and girls.

Teachers who supervise Junior Red Cross groups in summer activity may find these new materials helpful.

Planning for Re-Enrollment

There are a number of suggestions on the *Calendar* about advance planning for enrollment next fall. Councils can prepare a record of achievements this year, can write original skits and rehearse them, can work on original songs and posters. Such material should not be released for publicity purposes during vacation but can be planned and partly prepared ready for the campaign in the fall.

Re-Creation

Encouragement of creative activities is one way to regain physical and emotional resilience. Boys and girls will need a chance for such renewal through wise selection of activities as well as through free outdoor play and adequate rest periods. The need is brought home by an incident reported in a small community, which is, we hope, the only one of its kind. Even so, it definitely points to the need for careful supervision and observation on the part of parents, doctors, and teachers. A boy who had been eagerly helping collect magazines to send to soldiers, collapsed and died from a heart attack, after carrying a rather heavy load into the school. It is easy for growing children full of eager energy and zeal to overstrain. The necessary precaution will often have to be the responsibility of the grown people who are leading them.

Developing JRC Activities in Summer

Evaluating JRC Activities

A CHECK LIST to help teachers evaluate their own work in guiding JRC activities as well as in evaluating educational benefits to the members, was worked out some time ago for schools of a city chapter, by Mr. Don Phillips, Field Consultant for the American Junior Red Cross. The order of the questions or their phrasing may require some revision to bring out the values that you have been striving for with your own group; nevertheless they will be found definitely useful in taking stock of what has been done during this past year and in planning improvements for next year.

"1. HAS THE ACTIVITY OR THE PRODUCT BEEN THE END RESULT OF AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE OR HAS IT BEEN AN END IN ITSELF?"

a. Has there been an effort to add factual knowledge pertinent to the activity? (e.g. If product is for Veterans' Hospital, has attention been drawn to the number of such hospitals; who supports them?)

b. Has a technical skill been learned or developed?

c. Has the activity contributed to learning to work together cooperatively?

d. Has this activity been self-motivated and perpetuated?

e. Has there been an effort to train toward the idea and attitude of SERVICE?

f. Has there been a definite tie-up with the world outside the classroom? Has this activity contributed toward the development of "world-mindedness"?

g. Has the value of national and international membership been realized?

"2. HAS THE PROGRAM ADDED TO THE MENTAL WELFARE OF THOSE PARTICIPATING?"

a. Has it contributed to the feeling of belongingness which should accompany membership and activity in the largest youth organization in the country? Has it helped the members to feel that they really BELONG to something big and important?

b. Has sufficient stress been placed upon the value of this service to make the activity a significant emotional catharsis, an outlet for the desire for service?

c. Have the members felt significance in their contributions in the emergency needs? Has the importance been emphasized and proved?

d. Has there been satisfaction resulting from WORK truly WELL DONE?

"3. HAS THE AFFILIATION WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AS A HUMANITARIAN ORGANIZATION BEEN STRESSED AND MADE SIGNIFICANT?"

a. Have the ideals and purposes of the American Red Cross been presented?

b. Has this activity been used to acquaint the members with all or a part of the total American Red Cross Program?

"4. HAS THE PURPOSE, ACTION, AND DIRECTION OF THIS COMPLETED ACTIVITY OR PRODUCT CONTRIBUTED TO FURTHER KNOWLEDGE OF AND GREATER SATISFACTION IN THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE?"

Vacation Service

One way of insuring pupils' satisfaction in the end result of their work is to bring to them the expressions of appreciation received through the Chapter and also the examples of such letters quoted in the *News*. Although the majority of elementary schools will close

for the usual summer holiday, pupils will not go about their vacation activities in quite the regular way. The family car cannot be used with customary freedom and parents in most cases will not have their customary leisure. The news, whether from radio or through daily papers will keep emotions and anxiety stimulated. The stabilizing effect of regular school hours and tasks with supervised play with others will be lacking, leaving children physically and emotionally less protected than during the school term.

Many of you will be drawn into direct defense activity or will be busy studying in summer schools. If, however, you are at home with some "leisure," your help in guiding Junior Red Cross activities for out-of-school groups will be welcomed by the Chapter. For your own sake, it would often be better to seek a type of guidance activity different from that given during the regular school year, a different age group, or some specialized instruction along lines of your favorite hobbies, or some new skill that you yourself want to develop. Such leadership should be re-creative for you as well as for the children.

Among young people in particular need of consideration will be pupils who come home from special schools for summer vacation and who do not have the close friendships established by children in their regular schools. Your Board of Education can help you find the names of such children, pupils from state schools for the blind or the deaf or other special institutions. Those Junior Red Cross members who naturally take leadership can be assigned to seek out such homecomers and draw them into participation in activities. One of the greatest services that members could perform for fellow members in schools for the blind is that of bringing about a normal adjustment in their own communities and the friendly social contacts needed.

Standards for Gift Boxes

One of the summer activities may be that of making articles to fill Gift Boxes. Emphasis on standards is therefore essential now. Although the majority of the boxes have been of high standard, considerable money has had to be spent on eliminating the relatively few examples that fell below permissible standards. There have been cases where whole cartons were filled with used crayons or pencil stubs. There are still instances where children have included soiled or used handkerchiefs or articles of clothing; sometimes even these articles represent sacrifice of something precious to the child who has given it. Even more difficult for the child to judge objectively is the article he has put his best into making but which may be a sad disappointment to the youngster abroad. The combination of tact, good humor and firmness called for in eliminating such gifts at the source can probably be achieved only by teachers and Junior Red Cross Chairmen. The gifts are not supposed to be expensive, but they should be new, clean, and appealing. Your careful supervision will save disappointment to those distant children as truly as if you could comfort them more personally. It will help members at this end to develop standards of neatness, cleanliness, sympathetic tact, and good taste. It need not discourage the youngsters, but can give them a sense of happy pride in what they do.



Show special courtesy to newly naturalized citizens and their children. Find ways during summer vacation to work for better human relations now and after the war.

Make plans for bringing Gift Boxes up to the highest possible standard. If you collect materials during vacation, work for absolute cleanliness, personal interest, variety.

Cleanliness: Freshly washed hands when working on gifts, a clean place to work, a dust-proof box or cupboard for storing gifts.

Personal interest: In each box one (only one) gift you have made, a snapshot of your school, your class, your town or state.

Variety: Several different playthings, a game with instructions, a puzzle, something to make, story or picture book, one bar of soap wrapped in a gay wash cloth, one container of toothpaste and one toothbrush, one NEW personal ornament like a fancy barrette, necklace, hair ribbon or flower; something NEW to wear like mittens, scarf, lace collar for a girl; handkerchief, lapel gadget, necktie for a boy; crayons with pad, one pencil, pen, and notebook; a small United States flag; other pretty, attractive or amusing gifts. Ask yourself, "If I received this Gift Box, what would I think of the country it came from?"

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Raise food to release more to ship to our armed forces, our allies, and wherever the Red Cross can get food to children in war-devastated countries. Find out what vegetables will grow in your soil, when to plant, how to care for them. Plant some that will be ready to eat in early summer, some for mid-summer and some for fall. Choose seeds for yellow, red, and leafy-green vegetables. Do not waste food by neglect. Put up a memo at home to remind you to care for your garden. If you go away for part of the summer arrange for someone to care for and use the vegetables.

Are there wild fruits that you can gather and can?

Prepare sets of blank leaves and envelopes of colored pictures, cut out, with dried mucilage on the back, so that nothing but water is necessary for fastening them on the pages. Punch holes in the pages and include string for tying them together. Send these outfits to a hospital for convalescent children to make their own picture books to please themselves.

Make small cloth toys from clean scraps.

WAR ON WASTE—Learn how to use screw drivers, hammers and nails or glue in repairing toys, doorlocks and furniture. Practice first on things that do not matter much. Organize a clock club for members who have worn-out alarm clocks at home and find somebody who can teach you to repair them.

Junior Red Cross Enrollment—Begin plans for re-enrollment next fall. Write and rehearse plays to help with the local membership campaign in your school and community. Write Junior Red Cross songs. Make posters with words and music. Let your acting, your words, and pictures tell reasons for joining the Junior Red Cross. Show the accomplishments of your schools and plans for the future. Ask your teachers and your Junior Red Cross Chairman to help you pick good themes and to find the facts you need.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

May • 1943

Sound Effects by Oliver Ott

JACK BECHDOLT

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

THE OTTS had a two-car garage without any cars in it. Mr. Ott had sold the family car to a defense worker.

On the garage door was a neat sign: Office and Laboratory of Oliver Ott.

Under that was a smaller sign: Don't Enter Without Knocking. Don't Knock.

Outside the door, reading these signs, stood Oliver's best friend, Lincoln Treadway, known as The Missing Link in Harmony school circles. Having read these signs, The Link neither knocked nor stayed outside. He shoved open the door.

The interior of the two-car garage had become the storage space and museum for the numerous inventions of towheaded Oliver Ott, who now greeted The Link with a careless "Hi-ya!" and a wave of the hand.

Oliver Ott was very engrossed in an intricate diagram pinned to his drawing board so The Link fitted his spine to the curves of a broken-down wicker chair. He knew better than to offer any conversation while the master mind was at work.

The Link stared at various odd mechanical devices now gathering dust in the garage.

There was, for instance, the machine known as Ott's Safety Soap. It consisted of a sort of fishpole that could be hung above a domestic bathtub. Attached to the fishline was a cake of soap wrapped in a washcloth. The pole was

so counterbalanced that the soap, when not in use, always dangled just in front of the bather's nose.

Oliver had invented that one during the school's Red Cross accident prevention campaign. The object of the machine was to prevent the thousands of injuries caused by persons stepping on a wet cake of soap while in the bathtub.

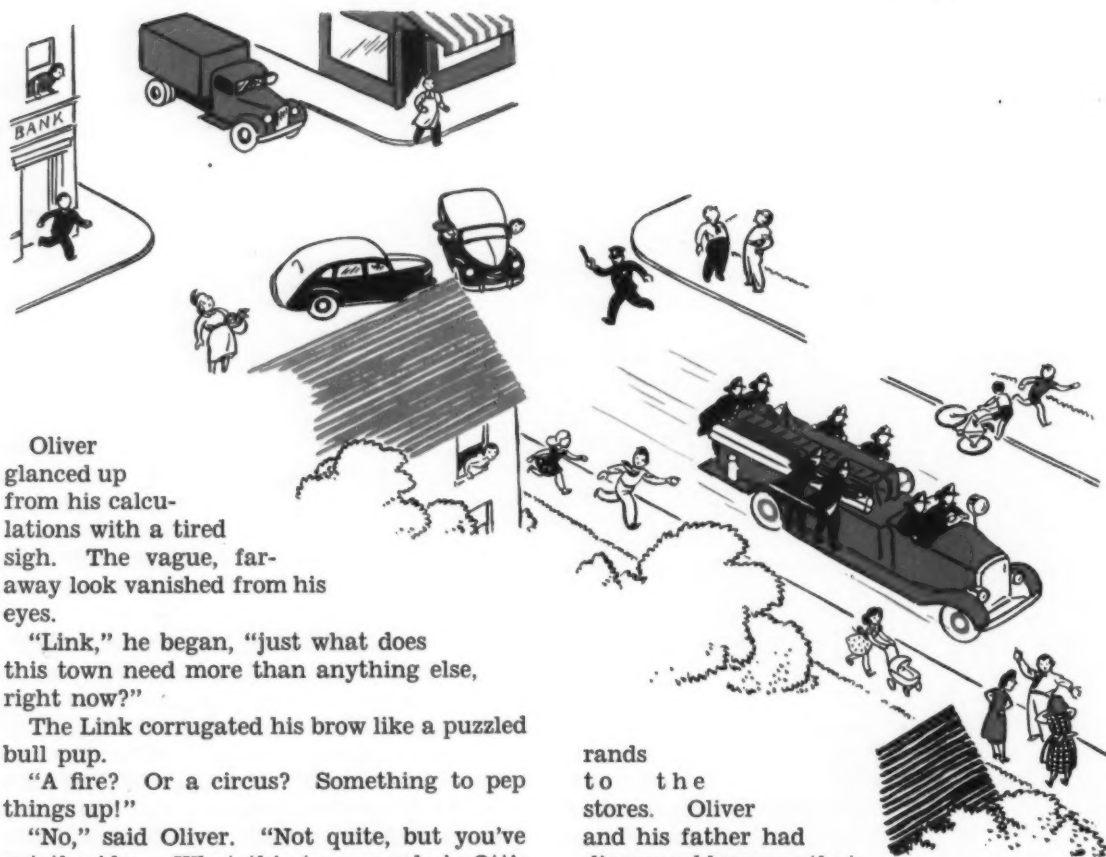
What a block-buster of an inspiration that was! It would have worked fine, too, only Oliver's father complained that the dangling soap hit him in the eye every time he took a bath.

Leaning in a corner were the airplane wings that once had converted an ordinary wheel into Ott's Flying Bicycle. Covered with dust was the elaborate model of Ott's Good Morning, a machine which closed the bedroom window, turned on the radio, handed you your bathrobe and slippers and did practically everything but brush your teeth.

Ott's Humane Domestic De-Mouser and The Ottophone-o-graph were standing the ravages of time very well, too.

The Link sighed respectfully. What a brain . . . what a brain! And now it was at work again, its wheels purring, its sparks snapping, hitting on all sixteen cylinders to produce the answer to some new and universal need!

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Oliver glanced up from his calculations with a tired sigh. The vague, far-away look vanished from his eyes.

"Link," he began, "just what does this town need more than anything else, right now?"

The Link corrugated his brow like a puzzled bull pup.

"A fire? Or a circus? Something to pep things up!"

"No," said Oliver. "Not quite, but you've got the idea. What this town needs is Ott's Automatic Alerter."

"Gosh, Oliver! What's that?"

"An automatic alerter—," Oliver began.

"Oliver, dear!" said a soft voice just outside the garage door. "Oliver!"

Oliver drew a deep, quivering breath.

"Always!" he groaned. "Always, just when I've got something cooking, she begins it! You know what that means, Link!"

"Sure; it means you've got to run down to the store for something she forgot."

"Oliver," the soft voice repeated as the door opened. Mrs. Ott intruded her rosy, apologetic face around the door. "I'm so sorry to interrupt, but Oliver, I forgot the shortening for Papa's birthday cake, and candles, and six eggs, and some sugar . . ."

By an effort of will that did him credit, Oliver turned on his forgiving smile.

"Sure, Mom," he agreed. "Link and I'll be glad to go. Gimme the ration book."

If Oliver's mother had a fault, it was her habit of forgetting things. Ordinarily a bright woman, she never ordered all of her daily supplies at one time and, consequently, kept her son or husband busy running unexpected er-

rands to the stores. Oliver and his father had discovered long ago that nothing could be done to cure her, so they decided to accept it as one would accept the ways of the weather—with the best grace possible.

On the way to the store, Oliver returned to the interrupted lecture.

"What Harmony needs, Link, is an air-raid siren. One that everybody can hear. Mr. Pratt, the Air Raid Warden Commander, was at our house for supper last night and I heard him and Dad talking about it. This using the fire whistle won't do. It's not loud enough. Now, the Ott Automatic Alerter . . ."

He went on at some length, using big words like "decibels" and "acoustics." The Link listened, his mouth hanging open.

"Swell," he said. "Swell!"

"You're in this with me?"

"Up to the neck, Brother. Up to the neck!"

Oliver had his inspiration on a Saturday morning. The rest of that day, except for time out for another errand for something that his mother had forgotten, he and The Link toiled in the laboratory. During the following week they kept on toiling whenever they could take time from their studies,

household chores and the varied duties of the Harmony School Civic Club, of which Oliver was chairman.

The machine that took form in the secrecy of the Ott garage was an impressive assembly of household gadgets.

On the garage roof, the inventors mounted a horn that had once belonged to the first radio loud-speaker ever seen in Harmony. In the shed below was the chassis of another old radio, a great deal of complicated wiring and—most important of all—Mrs. Ott's electric vacuum cleaner.

The vacuum cleaner was the heart and soul of the invention. Oliver tried other ideas, such as an old electric fan, but none produced the horrific, howling note which he wished to amplify into a giant

voice that would warn Harmony Village of danger. The vacuum cleaner was just the thing.

It was Saturday again before they finished. They laid aside pliers, wire, soldering irons, hammer, nails and string and wiped their hot, streaked faces.

The Link stood off to admire. "Brother, she looks powerful!"

"She is powerful. I'll guarantee she is!"

"Shall we let her rip?"

"Wait," said Oliver, as his fellow inventor reached toward the push-button. "I've got a bigger idea!"

Oliver's spectacles gleamed with the fire of genius. "First we'll call a meeting of the Civic Club. We'll make them a present of it. Then we'll invite the mayor and the air raid wardens and everybody, and the Club will present the alerter to the Town of Harmony as our special contribution toward victory. How's that?"

"And then we'll let her whoop?"

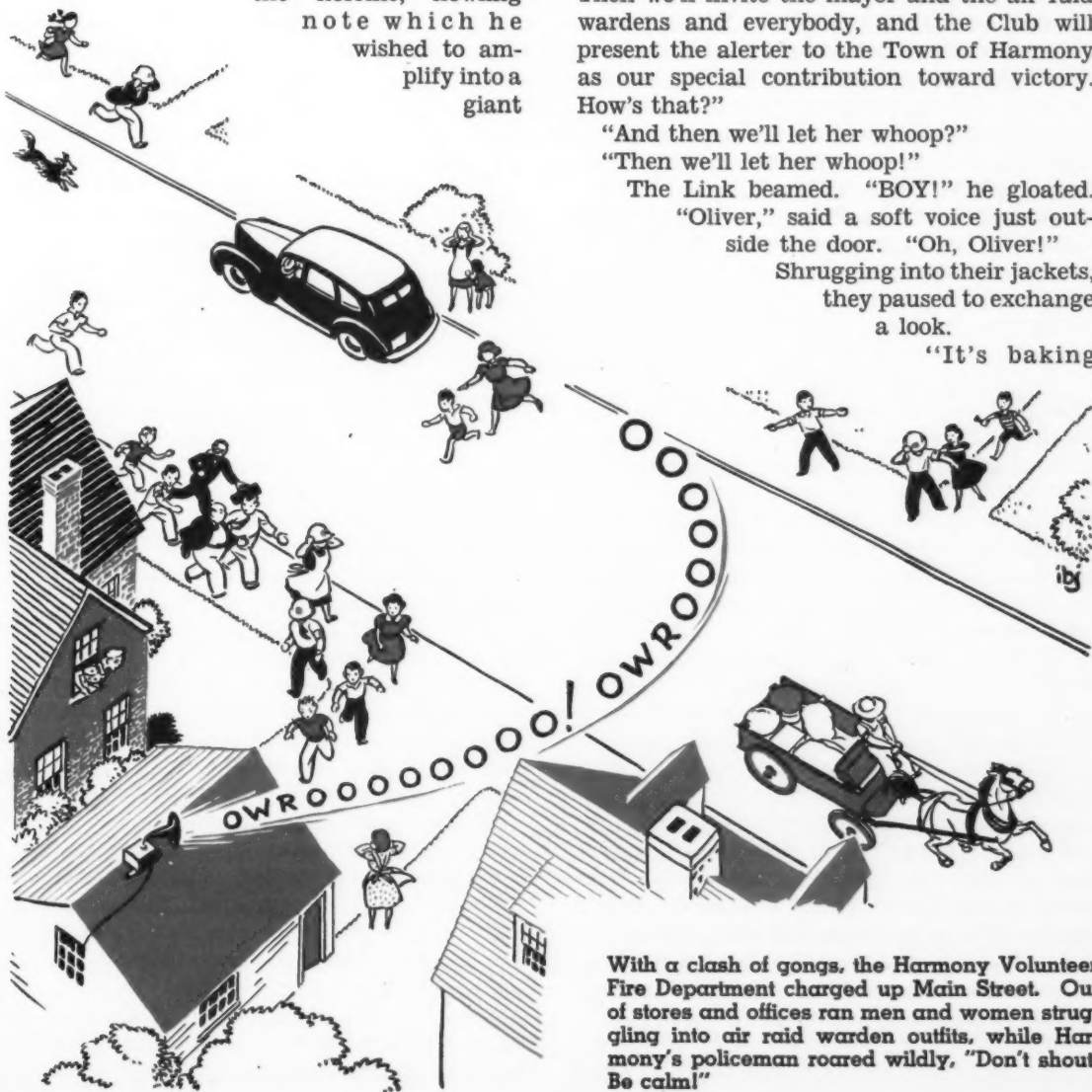
"Then we'll let her whoop!"

The Link beamed. "BOY!" he gloated.

"Oliver," said a soft voice just outside the door. "Oh, Oliver!"

Shrugging into their jackets, they paused to exchange a look.

"It's baking



With a clash of gongs, the Harmony Volunteer Fire Department charged up Main Street. Out of stores and offices ran men and women struggling into air raid warden outfits, while Harmony's policeman roared wildly, "Don't shout. Be calm!"

powder. I was sure I had some, but I've looked and looked! Would you—"

"Okay, Mom." Oliver extended his hand for the quarter his mother offered. "Always a pleasure to oblige the ladies," said Oliver manfully.

"I'll drag along with you," offered The Link. "I need a whiff of the old ozone."

Mrs. Ott lingered at the garage door, watching them on their way.

"Oliver's a good boy," she said to herself. "He's getting very mannerly. And look what a good influence he has over that Lincoln Treadway!"

Her eyes strayed about the dim garage. She smiled with pride at the Ott's Safety Soap Machine, the Ott's Good Morning and the Domestic De-Mouser.

"Well, I declare," she murmured, suddenly interested. "That's my vacuum cleaner. No wonder I couldn't find it this morning."

Mrs. Ott pursed her lips and shook her head.

"Really, that's very thoughtless of Oliver, leaving a fine machine like that out here to rust," she said. "I must speak to him about that. I'll just put it back again."

Mrs. Ott seized the vacuum cleaner and finding it, as she imagined, entangled with various other objects, gave it a sharp tug . . .

Meanwhile, Oliver and The Link were walking briskly toward the Harmony cut-rate grocery, discussing their newest big idea.

"What we want to do, we want to make this presentation a big public event. We want the Civic Club to be the big noise in this town."

"Yessir, Ol! You said it. Tell the world."

"That's it, Link. Tell the world plenty!"

The words scarcely were out of Oliver's mouth when it happened.

First there was a low, threatening growl that seemed to rattle the very skies. The growl rose to a whoop and the whoop soared up the scale into a high-pitched scream.

People who were walking stopped dead in their tracks. People who were driving cars lost their grip on the wheel from sheer astonishment, and horses began to dance. People ran to doors and windows and peered at the

sky, and people outside rushed to get inside.

"Owroooooo!" said the strange, giant voice that seemed to come from out the blue. "Owroooooo . . . owroooooo!" It was terrific. You couldn't hear yourself think.

Among the charging population, Oliver Ott and The Link remained immovable, frozen with horror. They clutched at each other. Their lips moved, but neither could hear what the other said. Yet both knew! The alerter had gone into action!

With a clash of gongs, the Harmony Volunteer Fire Department went charging up Main

Street, then came charging back again. Out of stores and offices ran men who were struggling into their air warden helmets and arm bands. Harmony's police force, roused from his noontide nap, rushed up and down brandishing his night stick and roaring at anybody who would listen, "Don't shout. Be calm!"

"Come on!" said Oliver.

The Link couldn't hear him, but he understood. Together they raced off, overtaking the fire engine in its puzzled search for a fire, passing all the air raid wardens who were staring

at the sky. By now the town knew whence came the terrific mooing and ran with them.

As they neared the modest Ott residence, Oliver's mother ran out of the house.

"The vacuum cleaner's gone crazy," she wailed. "It's out in the garage, having a fit."

Oliver darted into the garage. Pulled awry, its starter switch thrown by his mother's hasty hand, the ex-vacuum cleaner lay on its side, motor going full blast. Each indignant snarl of its fans was stepped up by radio amplification and became one of those blood-chilling whoops that had startled Harmony.

Oliver stood bemused amidst the pandemonium. A smile spread over his studious face.

"It works!" he exulted. "It really works!"

Tenderly he disconnected the cord and ended the vacuum cleaner's sufferings. Proudly he spoke to the town officials and the public, drawing closer timidly.

"Just a little demonstration," he beamed. "Just a try-out for the Ott Automatic Alerter, a gift to Harmony from our Civic Club."



A smile spread over his studious face

Free China's Champion

EVELYN STRONG

ON A RAINY November evening in 1866, a son was born to the farmer Sun, in his home on the banks of the Pearl River about thirty miles from Canton. The baby was named Tai Cheong, or "God Server." His mother gave him this name because in a dream one of the local gods, who was supposed to keep the village from flood and famine, pestilence and fire, appeared to her. The god was weeping and wringing his hands, and his long hair fell disordered over his face. Mrs. Sun thought that her boy had in some way offended the god, and she gave him that name to avoid bad luck.

Farmer Sun's home was a small house with bamboo and mud walls, a thatched roof and brick floor. Although he worked his land on shares, Farmer Sun was not very poor. For one thing, his oldest boy was doing well in Hawaii, and sent him money.

Little Tai Cheong attended the village school. He found this very tiresome, for classwork consisted in learning everything by heart, and then reciting at the top of one's lungs. Pupils sat on the floor with their backs to the teacher, and girls might attend as well as boys, if the parents wished. When Tai Cheong was thirteen, he was sent to Honolulu in care of his oldest brother to learn English in an English school.

For five years Sun Tai Cheong stayed in Hawaii, where he learned to speak and write English easily and won a medal for scholarship. But he also became a Christian; this displeased his brother so much that the boy was sent back to his father's home in China.

Young Sun entered the local temple, which was situated on a small hill. Here on an altar were images of the gods who were supposed to watch over the village. Peasants brought offerings of rice and said prayers to them. Sun deliberately broke off the upraised arm of the image of the chief god and threw the image to the floor. Thus his mother's dream was fulfilled.

There was a tremendous uproar in the vil-

lage. Threatening crowds gathered to seize the offender and throw him in the river. Sun was given his fare to Hong Kong and smuggled out of the village. It was the first of many hurried departures and desperate journeys with death at his heels.

A bright young fellow who knew English as well as Sun Tai Cheong had no need to starve. He worked as an orderly in a mission hospital and studied medicine for five years under Dr. James Cantlie, a Scotch doctor. When Sun graduated, he was the first Chinese to practice modern medicine.

He now took the third of his six names. His second, or "marriage," name was Tuck Mung, meaning "Illustrious Virtue." It had been given him by his family when he was twenty. He never used this name, but the third name was to be known and honored all over the world, for it was Yat Sen, meaning "Free Spirit." Later on, Dr. Sun took a fourth name, Yan Sen, meaning "China's Renewal."

Medicine was not young Dr. Sun's chief interest. He knew his real career lay elsewhere. At that time, the Manchu Dynasty ruled China, as they had since they had swept down from Manchuria in 1640. Now they had become soft and corrupt, so that they were defeated in war by Japan. In the confusion that followed, Americans, British, Germans, French and Russians scrambled for concessions. And the pickings were good. European nations secured the "treaty ports," so they pretty well controlled China's foreign trade. Just recently, you know, Great Britain and the United States gave up their so-called "extraterritorial rights" in China, which means they will not interfere in her foreign trade after this.

All this, together with the miserable state of the poor people, filled Dr. Sun with burning indignation. He believed that only one thing would help his country: the Manchu Dynasty must be overthrown and China set free. He joined secret societies, whose aim was the same as his. He smuggled arms into China, but the customs officers were too much for him. They took the arms and tried to arrest him. But Dr. Sun had vanished.

While every house, down to the lowest coolie quarters, was being combed for him, and there was a price on his head, the revolu-

tionary escaped. One dark night, two men in ragged coolie clothes carefully lowered a basket attached to a rope over the ancient walls of Canton. Twice the basket came near tipping, then it struck the wall and there was a muffled exclamation from within, "Careful! That was my head!" They did well to be careful, these men, for the basket contained the hope of China.

About this time, Dr. Sun's followers gave him the name of Chung San [the last two characters on the list] meaning "Middle Mountain." This mountain was famous in Chinese literature, much as Mount Olympus was famous among Greek writers. Many Chinese call their great leader by that name today. City streets, a battleship, two universities, a newspaper, a style of dress, a race horse and babies innumerable have since borne the honored name of Chung San.

Dr. Sun cut off his queue and dressed in modern European clothes. When the Manchus conquered China, they compelled all Chinese to shave their foreheads in token of submission. The Chinese got even with their conquerors, however, by growing a long pigtail; and all through the centuries this custom had endured. To Dr. Sun the queue meant backwardness and the Manchu rule, which he abhorred. So the pigtail had to go.

In the next few years, Dr. Sun traveled far and wide, raising funds for the revolution. He came to America and lectured. Money flowed in for his cause. Prosperous Chinese businessmen and sweating, underfed laundrymen alike dug into their savings. Though he died poor, Sun collected many millions in the course of his life. It never entered his head that this success was due to his own persuasive personality.

"Of course they give," he said, "down to their last dollar. Why shouldn't they? It is for China. Our cause is just. It cannot fail."

Failure never entered his mind, nor did discouragement. Yet in London, in the fall of 1896, Dr. Sun came within a hair's breadth of failure and death. He dined with his old friend and ex-teacher, Dr. James Cantlie, who had returned from China. Then suddenly Dr. Sun dropped out of sight.

"Gone off goodness knows where," said the doctor.

"He might have at least have said good-bye to us," Mrs. Cantlie complained.

That night, the doctor was roused out of sleep by a loud ringing and knocking at his front door. He jumped out of bed and looked out. Down on the steps a woman was slipping a folded paper under the door. She looked up and saw him.

"Doctor, for Heaven's sake come quickly," she cried, and then disappeared.

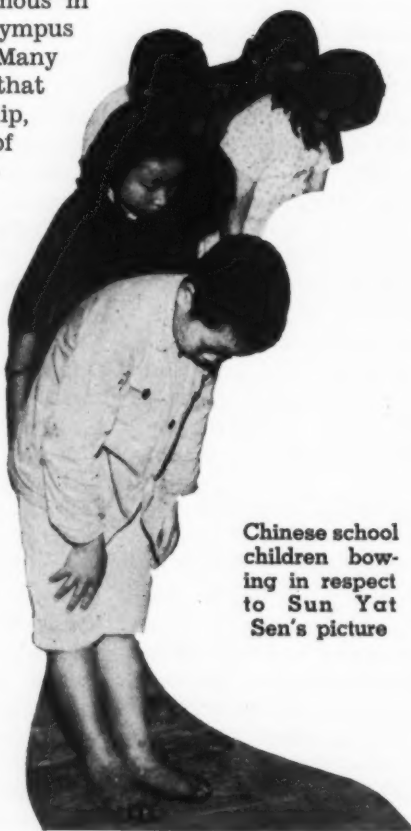
Dr. Cantlie read the message: "I was kidnapped into the Chinese Legation, and shall be smuggled out of England to China and death. Pray rescue me quickly. Sun."

Dr. Cantlie immediately alarmed Scotland Yard, and was told very firmly to mind his own business. He next appealed to the government, with the same result. Now he was frantic. As a last resort, he wrote to the *London Times*, as every Briton does when he has a grievance. That brought action. Newspapers raised such a hullabaloo that the British Prime Minister

had to take the matter up with the Chinese Legation.

One night, after the streets were deserted, a door opened in the Chinese Legation, and the revolutionary was quietly pushed out. It was exactly like Dr. Sun that his first thought was for the English woman servant at the Legation, who had smuggled out his note. To her belonged the credit of saving his life. She was handsomely provided for.

At last, Dr. Sun had his reward. In 1911, the Manchu Dynasty fell. China was free to form a republic.



Chinese school children bowing in respect to Sun Yat Sen's picture

THOMAS KWANG, CHUNGKING, FROM PAUL GUILLUMETTE, INC.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen



Dr. Sun was in London at the Cantlies' house when news reached him of his nomination as President of China. On that day he said:

"I can count on millions of followers. They are with me to the death."

Christmas Eve, 1911, Dr. Sun arrived in Shanghai and went immediately to the house of the Soongs, his closest personal friends.

Meanwhile, the palace that used to be occupied by the Manchu representative was made ready to receive him. Its walls of crimson, the color of royalty, were quickly daubed over with whitewash. Sun wished it so, as a reminder of the White House in Washington. But the people whispered among themselves and shook their heads. For in China white is the sign of mourning, and they considered this a bad omen for the new government.

Sun Yat Sen took the oath of office as first President of China in the great courtyard of the palace. It was the first time anyone had ever taken an oath of office in China. The impossible had happened: an individual had toppled over a centuries-old dynasty, and now

stood in its place as ruler of millions. Sun Yat Sen, child of a plain man, had climbed the heights and was at the summit of his career. Outwardly he was calm, as he shook hands in the American way with his followers. A brass band played "God be with you till we meet again," while an official photographer took pictures of the inauguration.

President Sun Yat Sen's new regime ran into many difficulties, mostly financial. Sun's rival, Yuan Shih-kai, raised an army and threatened civil war. To avoid this, and to keep China united and free to work out her salvation, Sun Yat Sen resigned from the presidency after four months. Perhaps this resignation was a greater thing than attaining to office. It bore out his ruling principle that:

"I, Sun Yat Sen, am nothing. The cause I work for is everything."

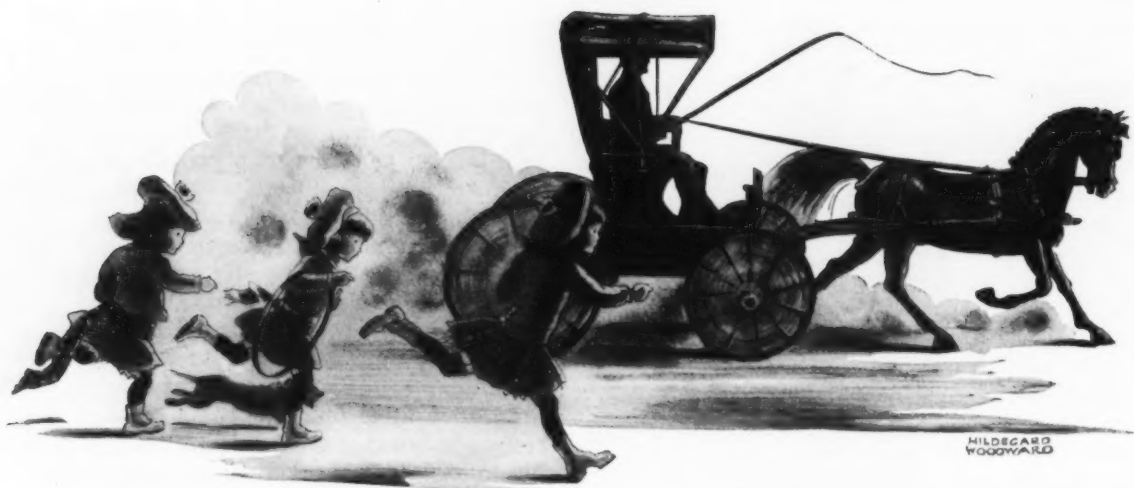
His last official act was to make a pilgrimage to Purple Mountain, where stood the gorgeous tombs of the Ming emperors, who had preceded the Manchus. Here, on hallowed ground at the tomb of the first Ming emperor, who had ruled in the 15th century, Sun Yat Sen formally gave way to Yuan Shih-kai, his former rival.

Sun Yat Sen could now return to private life. Yet this was not suited to his active disposition. For the first time in his career, he became despondent.

Fortunately, he was soon rescued from despair by the devotion of a woman much younger than himself, Soong Ching Ling, whom he married. She was a daughter of the famous Soong family, a sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Madame Sun Yat Sen was a graduate of Macon College, Georgia, where she had changed her Chinese first name for Rosamond.

Yuan Shin-kai tried to take the title of Emperor. Revolt flared up with a student revolution and a boycott directed against the Japanese, who were becoming increasingly powerful in China. Of course, the revolutionaries turned to Dr. Sun Yat Sen for leadership. But it was too late. Dr. Sun was worn out in the service of China. He had lived many lives in one, with never a thought for his safety and health. As a physician he must have known that his days were numbered, when he went to the hospital for a rest and checkup. On his deathbed he wrote:

"I have given my utmost strength to the people's revolution for full forty years. My goal is to seek liberty and equality for China."



Miriam and the little girls raced the shiny buggy—could they beat Black Harry to the house?

Dinner Was Late

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrations by Hildegard Woodward

FAMISHED for her dinner, Miriam Saylor raced in wide circles on the campus of Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Pursuing Miriam, ran Alice, aged five, and Mary, aged four. With them in one of the pretty houses of Allentown lived George, who was only two; Father, whose name was David Oliver Saylor; and Mother, whose name had been Emma Saeger.

Father was very tall, with beautiful white hands and strong arms which could swing a child almost to the ceiling. Miriam always remembered his hands because they never seemed to be soiled, though they were always busy with the earth. He had two wonderful gardens, one behind the house, the other at his place of business at Coplay, three miles away. In these he raised flowers and vegetables which were familiar to everyone, and others which were new. Gardening was his entertainment and relaxation; his real business was making cement.

Miriam shouted, "I'm hungry!" Alice shouted, "I'm hungry!" Mary shouted, "I'm very hungry!"

The reason dinner was late was not because the Saylor family had no regular hours for meals, nor because Mother hadn't given orders in good time, nor because Ellen hadn't cooked or her sister Jane hadn't set the table, nor be-

cause there wasn't a good stove in the kitchen. There was no better stove in Allentown; on none were chickens more delicately fried, waffles more crisply baked, or beef roasted more juicily. Certainly the children were not to blame. They were always ready and waiting, "with their mouths open," said Mother. Sometimes she would pop in a cooky to take off the edge of their appetites.

It was Father who was responsible for the near-starvation of his family. He loved them dearly, and provided them with the best of everything; but sometimes he was late coming to meals. And sometimes, when he came promptly, he wouldn't let Ellen finish the dinner. The dinner might be on the stove, but it was of no importance in his eyes beside the queer grayish bricks of cement shaped like flat dumbbells or the cross section of a railroad rail, which he was drying on a rack. He experimented with cement-making not only on his office stove at Coplay but here at home. When he arrived, he would test the bricks; if they were not right in texture, he would shake his head; if they cracked, he would sometimes utter a mock groan. If they were exactly right, he would shout, "Full steam ahead, Ellen! I'm surprised you don't think of these starving children." Ellen would snort, or answer saucily, but she was never

really cross with them underneath it all.

Miriam was old enough to have the making of cement explained to her; but of course Alice and Mary could not understand, though they always remembered the late dinners and how hungry they were, and how Father would laugh. When they grew older and saw concrete roads wind like ribbons across the country, and buildings lift their proud heads far above the highest trees, and bridges span broad rivers, they understood that Father's cement was in all of them.

Father explained the making of cement to Miriam. He showed her a picture of a mammoth Egyptian monument, a pyramid whose tip was five hundred feet above the earth and which measured a seventh of a mile on each side. The huge stones of the pyramid had held together for five thousand years because between them there was a cement made of burned limestone. He showed her the picture of an aqueduct which carried water to the city of Rome. Its stones, he said, were bound together by a still stronger cement, which grew hard under water.

He showed her also a picture of a tall English lighthouse which had stood straight and sound against the pounding surf for a hundred and twenty-three years. The English cement was so strong that it could be used not only to bind great stones together, but to coat the outside of buildings. The English called it "Portland cement" because it looked like building stone from the island of Portland.

When the Americans began to construct canals, Father said, they searched for limestone to make cement with which to line the canals so that the water would not escape. The engineers of the Lehigh Canal, running from Easton to Mauch Chunk in Pennsylvania, found large limestone deposits. When the canal was finished, the limestone was forgotten by most people, but Father did not forget. The Civil War was over; the country was coming to life like a garden after a devastating storm, or a human being after a long illness. Factories were being built, wharves reached into bays so that ships could receive and discharge their cargoes, fortifications were erected, walls called "jetties" were constructed to hold back rivers in flood. Men were no longer satisfied to ride on rutted roads or walk on muddy paths. Cement was needed for building and road-making. In liquid form it could be poured into molds; it was stronger and cheaper than stone. To satisfy the many

demands, Portland cement was being shipped from England.

Father believed that he could make cement as good as English Portland. So he and two friends, Adam Woolever and Esaias Rehrig of Allentown, bought land at Coplay on which lay a deposit of limestone, and set to work. Powdering and burning the stone, mixing the powder with other ingredients and pressing it into molds, he dried the oddly shaped bricks on the office stove and on the Saylor cook-stove. He called the first product Anchor cement, the second, Saylor's cement.

When Miriam grew up, she could not remember when the United States Government gave her father his patent for Saylor's cement in 1871, because that was the year she was born, nor when the Centennial Exhibition gave him an Award of Merit in 1876, because then she was only five, but she always remembered this day when she was seven and dinner was so dreadfully late. It was noon, then half-past-twelve, then one, and still Father had not come.

Each time she swung round the circle she stopped and looked up Fourth Street, and the little girls stopped with her. When he came, Father would be driving a black horse attached to a high buggy with a shiny top and red wheels. She squinted her eyes. He was not in sight. Nor was anyone else in sight, either on foot, or on horseback, or in a carriage. This was the time when all sensible people were eating.

"Everybody has dinner but us!" she shouted. "Come on, Alice and Mary!

"The farmer in the dell!
The farmer in the dell!
High ho the merrio,
The farmer in the dell!"

Twice her mother came to the door; once Ellen tramped along the side of the house to peer up the street. Ellen looked angry; then she shook her head.

People on foot, on horseback and in carriages reappeared; Muhlenberg College students came from the dining rooms at the end of the long building. They laughed and shouted. They were happy, Miriam thought, because they were fed.

At the same minute, Mother waved from the doorway. "Come, children, we'll eat our dinner!" Miriam didn't like to eat without Father; when he was absent, everybody had to try to be gay; when he was present, everyone was gay without trying.

"He's coming, Mother!" she shouted. "I see him!" Into Fourth Street from Hamilton trotted a black horse. The shiny top of the buggy glittered, the red wheels shone. Miriam and the little girls screamed—could they beat Black Harry to the house? Doubtless he was hungry, too!

Jane had a washcloth and towel ready for their faces and hands. Father strode through the kitchen and washed his hands at the sink.

"You act excited, Mr. Saylor," said Ellen.

"I am excited." Father came into the dining room. He kissed Mother and lifted each of the three girls to her chair and set her down with a little smack and asked for George.

"George!" echoed Mother. "He's asleep, I'm thankful to say."

"He ought to be awake," said Father.

"I'd like to know why! Quiet, girls! Miriam, say grace."

"God bless this food, amen," said Miriam quickly.

Under ordinary circumstances, Father would have told her to repeat her grace slowly, but now he issued no such command. He sat with his hands on the arms of his chair, so quietly that Miriam was frightened. Before him lay a roast chicken; flanking it were bowls of corn and mashed potatoes; near by were hot rolls and jelly and coleslaw. At Mother's end of the table stood a coffee pot and cups and saucers. In the refrigerator, Miriam knew, ready for a dramatic entrance when the plates of the first course were removed, waited an ice-cold chocolate pudding. Wasn't Father going to eat and let them eat, now that he was here?

Father lifted neither the carving knife nor the serving spoon. Mother looked at him; he looked back at her. Her hands, too, were idle; they lay in her lap as though she had no intention of ever lifting them.

"You had good news, David?"

Father's lip quivered. Even sixty years later, Miriam, thinking of him, believed she remembered that moment. Perhaps he recalled his boyhood, and his life of responsibility when his father died. Perhaps he remembered the masses of limestone fixed deep into the earth, the source of incalculable riches, or the friends who had invested their

money along with his, or his disappointment when the gray cement cracked.

"Did you have good news or bad, David?" asked Mother.

When still he said nothing, Mother sighed and reached for a hot roll and broke it apart and buttered it and spread it with jelly and gave one piece to Alice and one to Mary.

"Spread one for yourself, Miriam. After a while, Father will come to."

Father laughed, but still for a moment he did not lift the carving knife. "There's no hurry," he said. "We've got the Eads jetties."

"You have!" said Mother. "That's good."

"What are the Eads jetties?" asked Miriam.

"A famous engineer, named Eads, is building jetties below New Orleans to hold the Mississippi River in its proper channel. The government has specified Saylor's Portland cement to be

mixed with sand and crushed stone to build these walls."

"Carve that chicken, David, for these starving children," urged Mother.

"You're not surprised, Mother!" cried Father.

"Not in the least."

"Well, well!" Father's hands flew. "Hungry, Alice? Hungry, Mary? Hungry, Miriam?"

"Yes!" shrieked Alice and Mary.

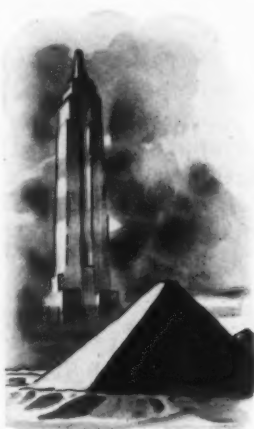
"I'm so hungry I'll soon break in two," said Miriam. "That's how hungry I am."

"The walls have to be stronger than iron," said Father, piling the plates high. "Building stone can't be used. There's none there, and it couldn't be hauled. So they must have my cement. And you're not surprised, Mother!"

"Not a bit!"

Possibly even today, after so many, many years have passed, Mother would not be astonished by what Father accomplished. She had listened to all his dreams and hopes, and she believed he could do anything he set out to do. But Father would be surprised; perhaps he would even be bewildered.

There are now many cement plants. Hundreds of tons of explosives tear apart vast deposits of limestone, not only in Lehigh County or in Pennsylvania, but in thirty-five states. Into acre upon acre of loosened rock plow mammoth steam shovels. Machines of in-



credible power break the rocks, grind them, add to them ingredients carefully specified by chemists, and in giant retorts burn the resulting mixture into fine powder. In one year two hundred and fifty million barrels have been shipped from a hundred and fifty plants. At the places where the cement is to be used, it is combined by hand or machinery with sand and crushed stone to form concrete.

The enormous plants would astonish David Saylor; so would the uses to which his invention is put. The Eads jetties still hold back the Mississippi: that would not surprise him, for he knew his cement would last forever. He knew nothing, however, of concrete bridges a hundred feet high or five miles long. He knew nothing of roads spanning the country from east to west and north to south. He could not foresee the Empire State Building or the Grand Coulee Dam, as thick through its base

as the Washington Monument is high, and more than three times the height of Niagara.

Miriam must have seen the Empire State Building, and other giant structures which owe to his invention their strength and size. Certainly she walks or rides daily on concrete sidewalks or roads. I wonder whether she ever stops to think of the miracle which has come to pass, whose beginning she saw. Oftener, I believe she thinks of her father's merry laugh, his bright eyes and strong arms.

Possibly you do not know of him; perhaps you never heard his name—David Oliver Saylor. His monument towers over our heads and lies under our feet, it supports us when we cross rivers, it preserves us from destruction when we travel in subways, it holds back the tides and the floods; of it are built the bases for our cannon, the foundations for our forts. We cannot imagine our lives without it.



Australia's Flag

LORNA RYAN

THE NATIONAL emblem of Australia is the Southern Cross, a group of stars visible only in the Southern Hemisphere. The blue flag with a small Union Jack in one corner and the five white stars of the Southern Cross is the official flag of Australia, by permission of the British Government. But the Southern Cross was used many years before that as the standard of a rebel leader of the gold diggers of Ballarat, one of the most famous gold fields in the world.

Almost ninety years ago, when the great Australian gold rush was at its height, the government imposed a tax which the gold diggers considered so unjust that they decided to rebel against its payment.

They chose as their leader a man named Peter Lalor, and one night they met in a tent near a place called Golden Point to make plans.

"The first thing we must have," said Lalor, "is a flag. If we are going to fight the King's law, we shall not be able to use the Union Jack."

There was a great discussion in the tent,

and at last Kennedy, a friend of Lalor's, went outside.

"Come out here," he said. "There is a flag for us—five stars on a field of blue." He pointed to the Southern Cross in the sky.

"Yes—that shall be our flag," cried the diggers.

On the eve of battle, Peter Lalor gathered his men together.

"It is my duty," he said, "to swear you in to take the oath to be faithful to the standard which I am holding."

Dropping on their knees, the gold diggers held up their right hands towards the new flag. With one voice they said:

"We swear by the Southern Cross to defend our rights and liberties."

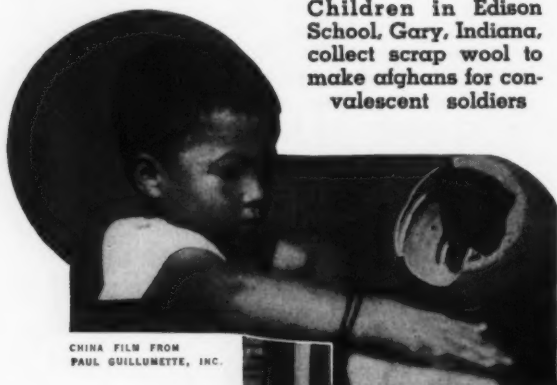
That was how it came about that the blue flag with the stars on it was hoisted at the rebellion of the gold-field workers which was known as the Eureka Stockade.

The seven points on the big star below the Union Jack stand for Australia's states and territories.



COURTESY GARY, INDIANA, POST TRIBUNE

Children in Edison School, Gary, Indiana, collect scrap wool to make afghans for convalescent soldiers



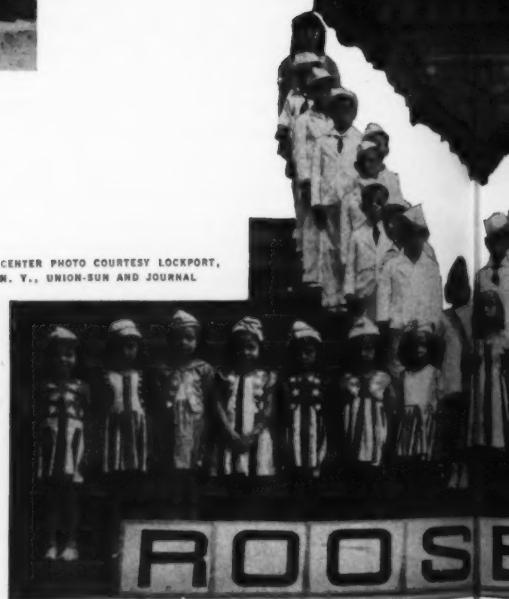
CHINA FILM FROM PAUL GUILLUMETTE, INC.



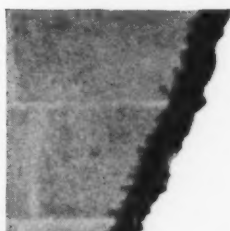
The big V in the center is a twenty-five-foot string of keys gathered by JRC members of Emmet Belknap School, Lockport, New York, in their scrap metal drive. Below them are second-grade members from Cabo Rojo School, Puerto Rico, who gave a play on President Roosevelt's birthday. The small Chinese boy just above breaks his earthenware bank to give his year's savings to his government for the war. The American JRC members below him, from Sheldon School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, are pasting stamps in their war savings books

Youngest M
... - All Out for

CENTER PHOTO COURTESY LOCKPORT, N. Y., UNION-SUN AND JOURNAL

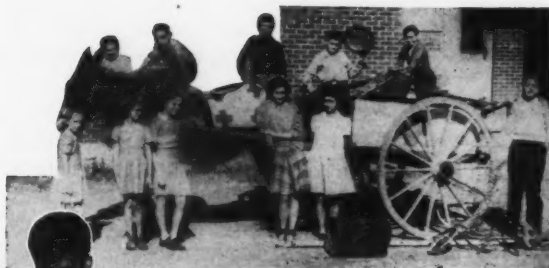


st Members!
t for Victory



Three dots, with the tail for a dash, make a V for Victory on this puppy's back

COURTESY U. S. D. A.



COURTESY BLOOMFIELD, N. J., INDEPENDENT PRESS AND CITIZEN

JRC members of Pitt County, North Carolina, got a mule and cart to help them in their scrap drive. The mule did a good business, for in less than two months they collected \$35.00 worth of scrap. Below them are boys from Bloomfield, New Jersey, busy in their school's Victory Workshop making toys and many useful articles from wood donated by a local cigar box factory. Other materials, such as scraps of cloth and wool, are provided by friends. Money from the sale of the things they make goes to the Junior Red Cross

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 9

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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Badge of Honor

WHEN, as a member of the Junior Red Cross, you wear its emblem, you are wearing a badge of honor. For the sign of the Red Cross, adopted long ago in Geneva, Switzerland, has the respect of the whole world. The International Committee of the Red Cross, which has its headquarters in Geneva, lays down certain rules about the use of this honored emblem. The charter which the United States Government gave to the American Red Cross also contains certain provisions about its use. For example, the red cross is always composed of five equal squares of red and must always appear with white around it. Nothing must ever be placed on the cross. Since the war, there is a new rule about brassards, or armbands, with the red cross on them. For the duration, these are to be used only on authorization of the military authorities in an actual theater of operations by personnel serving in connection with the care of the sick and wounded. So Junior Red Cross members are not to wear armbands with the emblem on them.

To replace armbands and identify J.R.C. members, the American Red Cross has provided two insignia:

(1) A woven Junior Red Cross emblem 3 x 3 inches to be worn on the sleeve or pocket of the coat, dress or sweater of a member. You will notice that this emblem, which comes in the national colors, red, white and blue, appears on the CALENDAR each month. This woven emblem sells for twenty-five cents and

should be ordered from your area office of the American Red Cross: Eastern Area, Alexandria, Va.; North Atlantic Area, 300 Fourth Ave., New York; Midwestern Area, 1709 Washington Ave., St. Louis; Pacific Area, Civic Auditorium, San Francisco.

(2) A coronet for girl members of the Junior Red Cross in elementary and high schools. It is not sold in the area offices but must be ordered direct from the manufacturer, Lion Brothers, Baltimore, Maryland. The price is \$3.25 per dozen. The coronets are packed in dozen lots and must be ordered by the dozen.

We believe that, especially when you are carrying on Junior Red Cross work during the summer months, you will like to wear your badge of honor.

Some Reminders

FIRST: Are you planning to help with a Victory Garden, as we have been urging you to do during the past three months? This is important. We need all the food we can grow this summer. Ask your teacher to order our new pamphlet, "Victory Gardens," from your area office.

Second: Have you made a United Nations scrapbook and the flags of the United Nations, as we suggested in the September News? And are there any plans in your community to observe June 14 as United Nations Day?

Third: Have you made sure that the News will keep coming to you when school starts again? Sometimes the magazine is sent to an enrolled school in care of the teacher. Then, if the teacher leaves that school, the News is not delivered, but comes back to us and maybe it will take several letters and lots of time before the school gets its magazine again. It would be a good idea to appoint some Junior Red Cross member to find out if there is to be another teacher in charge when school reopens in the fall. If there is, let the Junior Red Cross Chairman of the local Red Cross chapter know, so that a correction may be sent in to the area office in time for the school to get the September issue on time.

Speaking of when school begins again, one of the first things on the list of Junior Red Cross activities then will be planning for re-enrollment. Of course, many of you will be keeping right on with J. R. C. work of all kinds throughout the summer. It would be a good idea to make some plans ahead for that re-enrollment.

And, if you want an index to the 1942-43 News, apply to your area office.

Large Family

TIMOSHEVIKY

IN THE SPACIOUS room there is a pleasant smell of fresh wood shavings and glue. A score of boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen are planing, polishing and gluing parts of floor stands and bed tables. Between the benches are several new stools. Now and again, the boys ask help or advice from the old man in charge of the room. They call him Uncle Michael. This is the carpenters' workshop in the Proshik Children's Home in the region of Ryazan, some hundred miles southeast of Moscow and now well behind the fighting lines. The workshop has only recently been opened, but the boys are already able to make bed tables and stools very nicely.

Suddenly, one round-faced, gray-eyed fellow stops polishing a part and turns to his neighbor who is looking out of the window. "Why are you doing nothing? You must work!" he says sharply.

War broke up the peaceful families of these boys. Some lost their parents during air raids, others lost their mothers. When the Moscow region was evacuated, the fathers of some of them brought their sons to the home before they left for the front.

In another workshop in the home a blonde girl is hemming towels. This is Polina Leleshina from Leningrad. She lost her whole family during the dreadful winter of 1942 in besieged Leningrad. The girls near her also come from Leningrad. Busy with their work, and without taking their eyes from it, they sometimes exchange a word or two. They recall last night's chat with their supervisor who has recently come back from the front. "What interesting things he told us about our brave men!" says Polina.

Youngsters of the first and second classes are learning their lessons. There is a sound



In Russia, school girls such as the ones above are caring for children of mobilized men in nurseries. War orphans and children of working mothers are also placed in nurseries

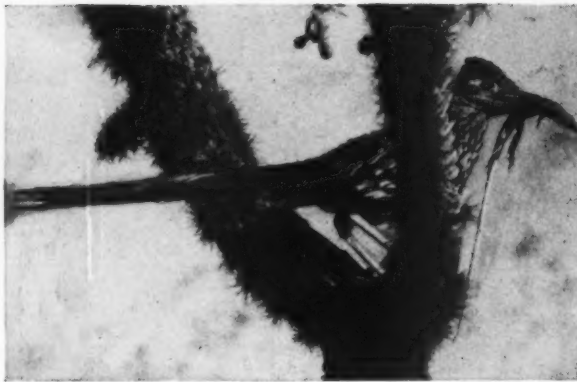
of many reading aloud from some classrooms.

The children in this home don't feel like orphans. Of course, it sometimes happens that one of the younger ones will wake in the night and cry for his mother, but generally, the children, surrounded by well-wishers and kindly care, soon forget their grief. Here they have found a big and dear home where not only are they clothed and well fed but they are taught useful trades.

Homes for war orphans in the Soviet Union are not just schools with friends and teachers; they are a part of the homeland. There in the fierce struggle against the enemy, and in spite of the hardships brought by the war, Russia takes the greatest care of her children, whose futures are being decided on the battlefields.

The children of the Soviets appreciate what is being done by their fathers and brothers and mothers and older sisters to hold the country for them. Within the Arctic Circle, up in the Altai Mountains, in the Far East, in Pamir on "the roof of the world," all over their vast land, Russian children work on the collective farms, help families of the Red Army men and collect gifts for the soldiers at the front. Like the children of the United Nations everywhere, they are making and doing things for those who bear the brunt of the battle.

(Ten thousand dollars from the National Children's Fund bought shoes for some of the war orphans of Russia. Soviet troops still fight bravely against the German threat to Russia and to the whole world.—ED.)



Road runner

CHILDREN in the Alice E. Carlson School in Fort Worth, Texas, made an album to send to a school in Canada. In it they wrote about some of the animals of Texas.

THE TEXAS rattlesnake is very poisonous. If it bites you on the leg, the leg will rot off. These snakes eat rabbits and many other kinds of animals. Some of them are from eight to ten feet long. A rattlesnake has rattlers on the end of his tail. Whenever he sheds his skin, he grows a rattler. He sheds his skin about three times a year.

THE SCORPION is closely related to the spider, but because of his claws he looks more like a tiny lobster or crawfish. He stores his poison in the last joint of his tail. After the last joint is the sting. When the scorpion has his prey clutched in his powerful claws, he curves his tail over his back and plunges the sting into the helpless creature. The scorpion is always careful to find a tender spot to plunge his sting. He protects it by holding it over his back.

Scorpions are found only in warm countries. They range from about one to eight inches in length. They lie hidden under the stones and logs in the day, but at night they are quite active. Their food consists of spiders, lizards, snails and even mice and shrews. The mother scorpion brings forth her young and carries them on her back for a while. Young scorpions look like their parents. The scorpion is not vicious except when disturbed, and seldom harms man. When scorpions meet, they sometimes curve their tails over their backs until they cross, then hook the tips. This is called the scorpion "handshake."



Horned frogs

Animals

THE ROAD RUNNER is very rarely found anywhere except in the Southwest. He is probably the fastest bird on foot. He has wings, but they are not very good, so he does not like to use them. He never flies more than a few hundred yards at a time. He is often called the chaparral cock or the cock of the desert. It seems that his only two aims in life are to eat and to have fun. The road runner's beak is important. It is not very long, but it is very sharp. He uses it to fight his enemies.

He is known to be a great enemy of the rattlesnake and the other snakes in his region. He keeps down the population of rattlers by eating all the baby snakes he can find. Sometimes he gets into a serious fight with a big rattler.

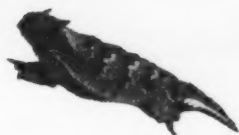
THE HORNED FROG is kin to the lizard. It got its name from the horns on its head. These horns can kill small things. Its body is also rough and spiked. The horned frog often has a third eye in the middle of the head. Although he may look vicious, the horned frog is really a friend to man, for he eats harmful insects and garden pests. Horned frogs have sharp claws on their feet. They lay their eggs in sand and leave them there to hatch. They live wild in the desert, where it may not rain for more than a year at a time. But they get enough water from the food they eat, and perhaps from the dew. They catch their prey by flipping out their tongues faster than our eyes can follow. Their tongues are hinged in the front of their mouths like the tongues of toads.



Scorpion



PHOTOS COURTESY NATURE MAGAZINE



Armadillos

of Texas

IN THE EARLY history of Texas, the longhorn cattle roamed over the wide plains. But, like the buffalo, not many now are to be found.

The cattle of the plains were brought over by the Spanish. They were allowed to stray by the invaders and became wild. Scanty food and lack of care changed them after generations of running wild to the lean, swift longhorns of the trail days. They could travel miles to water and defend themselves against wolves. The Mexicans left the herds to increase. Sometimes they rode out to lasso a steer for the meat or leather they needed. Those that were herded at the Catholic missions were later let loose. They mated with the scrub stock brought by the first American settlers, and the herds grew so large that cattle could be had for very little money indeed.

After the Civil War, there was no money in Texas, but there were thousands upon thousands of cattle. In fact, they grew wild in great herds that had no owner. But the only longhorns left now are the few to be found in Trans-Pecos.



Longhorn steer

WE LIVE IN a prairie country, and prairie dogs are very plentiful around here. They live together in great numbers. Sometimes you find as many as a hundred holes in a place the size of a city block.

Sometimes a cowboy has to walk for miles and miles because his horse steps into a prairie-dog hole and breaks its leg. The horse has to be shot.

The prairie dog doesn't look like a dog at all, but more like a squirrel. He is called a dog because he barks like one.

THE ARMADILLO is a native of Texas. He has very sharp claws, and can dig and fight with them. He is covered with tough skin. He can roll up in a ball when he is attacked by an enemy. He uses his tail to fight with, too. The Mexicans call him "armah-deeyo."

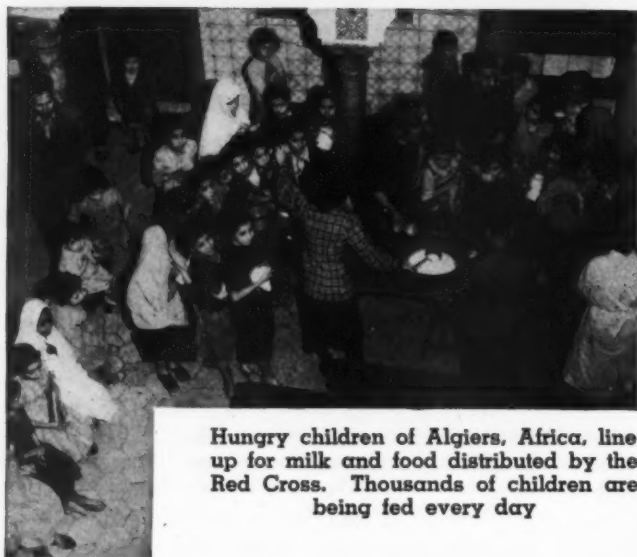
The armadillo's ancestors were bigger than elephants, and they roamed North and South America, and people have found bones to prove it. Today he is seldom more than thirty inches long.

We make baskets of armadillo skin, and they sell for from fifty cents to one dollar.

Some people think armadillos will roll up in a ball when danger is near but, instead, they will try to run off and hide. Some scientists think the skin is given to them to protect them against rocks, thorns and enemies such as coyotes, panthers and dogs. Though a dog will bite through the armadillo's skin, the coyote will sit and wait for it to unroll; but in the end he always loses patience and goes away.

Armadillos dig their holes five feet in the ground. They work mostly at night. They cannot see well, and they have to use their noses to guide them. Their long curving noses are designed especially for this.

Year in and year out the mother armadillo will show up every March with four babies. In every egg she lays there are two baby armadillos, so she lays two eggs.



Hungry children of Algiers, Africa, line up for milk and food distributed by the Red Cross. Thousands of children are being fed every day



A member of the Fat Parade. (See note p. 247)



ALL THROUGH the summer Junior Red Cross members will keep on with their activities program so far as they possibly can.

During the summer months, Boston, Massachusetts, members make most of the small toys that they put in the Junior Red Cross gift boxes. Look at the back cover of the December JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS to see what a variety they turn out. Last summer they provided emergency nurs-

ery schools with story books, scrapbooks, pencils and paper and children's aprons, as well as with a table and four chairs suitable for a playhouse. A beautifully furnished doll house was made and sent to the City Hospital, too. At the Beaver Country Day School sheep graze on the school lawn. Members there sheared the sheep, washed and combed the wool, and used it to fill pretty cotton quilts which they sent in to the Junior Red Cross.

The Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, J. R. C. workroom is open during the summer months from 9 to 12 three times a week. Gifts for local institutions and for men in the armed

forces are made, and one other big service is the repair of library books which Harrisburg members circulate among rural schools which have no libraries of their own. Decorations for the workroom were made by members, too. In York, Pennsylvania, money from the sale of scrap was used to buy materials for J. R. C. production during the summertime.



BOYS in P. S. 84, Queens, New York, earned money for their Service Fund by selling name tags. They wrote Chapter Headquarters:

"First, we bought some balsam wood and cut it into small pieces. We had three shapes, but the parallelograms were the most popular. After

we cut the wood, we varnished it, and after letting it dry for about ten minutes, we put the letters on. (We used alphabet soup letters.) When the letters were dry, we shellacked them with clear shellac. We put wool in the back instead of pins. We were kept busy, because the children had very long names. When they saw the pins, their eyes popped. We earned \$6.00 this way."



JUNIOR RED CROSS members of Dallas, Texas, helped a great deal during the week when point rationing books were issued. Wearing J. R. C. badges of identification, 493 members guided people to the proper rooms and desks to speed up registration and helped take care of small children while parents registered.



IN THEIR War on Waste, J. R. C. members are making good use of every single scrap of material. Rag rugs for use of preschool nurseries are being made by Boston members from odd strips left over in the Chapter's production program. Chattanooga members use wool scraps to make convalescent slippers for soldiers at the Station Hospital at Fort Oglethorpe. Flagstaff, Arizona, members use wool samples donated by local merchants to make ambulance coverlets. Tiny pieces of leftover yarn are made

into lapel gadgets in the form of Red Cross nurses in Little Falls, Minnesota. These are sold for the J. R. C. Service Fund.

When cotton is cut for surgical dressings, paper beneath it is cut into good-sized pieces, Big Rapids, Michigan, members report. Instead of discarding the paper, J. R. C. members use it for their school tablets. To help round up buttons for the Red Cross Chapter's production program, second-graders of Big Rapids decided to make a round of the rooms in the school explaining the need: why the buttons were wanted, who wanted them, the kinds and sizes and colors needed, the number (they asked for about four alike), how to bring them in (fastened with string or thread), and when to bring them.

Two carloads of tin cans were collected and sent to the detinning factory in New Jersey by Allentown, Pennsylvania, members. They sold the cans for \$349.29.



ANGIER SCHOOL members, Waban, Massachusetts, are enrolled in the Newton Red Cross Chapter. "Fun, Work and Aid" is what they called this description of a summer fair: "On Thursday, June 11th, the back yard at 414 Woodward Street was bristling with excitement; sixth-graders of Angier School were staging a fair for the benefit of the National Children's Fund. At the entrance there was a homemade box office where tickets were sold for three cents apiece. As soon as the gates were open the crowd swarmed in for an afternoon of fun.

"As you entered, a fortune teller (one of the boys) knew all and told all for the price of three cents. The next amusement was a penny-throwing hoop made from a wire coat-hanger suspended from a string between two poles. There were many games such as ring toss, and apple-bobbing. At the miscellaneous table, a variety of trinkets were for sale at various prices.

"There were grab bags for five cents a grab. Secondhand comic books were donated and then sold at five cents a copy. A ball-throwing game was made and run by one of the boys. A table was laden with good things to eat and



These boys have had the Red Cross course in Water Safety; they have made sure, too, that the old swimming hole has no hidden rocks and that the water is pure

drink, such as cookies, fudge and punch. These were sold by one of the girls. At another table, polliwogs were fished from a bowl and sold three for a penny. The polliwogs were expected to live because we had taken them from the marsh at six o'clock that morning. The Good Humor ice cream man parked his truck in the drive and allowed us twenty per cent of his profits.

"The fair lasted until four-thirty. Then the workers all helped to clean up the Fair Grounds. Our biggest surprise came when we counted our profits—\$20.29."



IN SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts, the J. R. C. Service Fund benefited from the carelessness of many pupils who failed to claim lost articles. Here is what the *J. R. C. Bulletin* had to say about it: "One night after school one of the teachers acted as an auctioneer and auctioned off all the unclaimed articles left at the building during the last school year. There were rubbers, mittens, scarfs, bags, gym suits, sneakers and pocketbooks. The pupils were lively bidders, some becoming so enthusiastic that the auctioneer had to restore quiet before continuing with the sale. Any article for twenty-five cents or less had to be paid for in cash, but anything over that amount could be paid for later, after the cash was earned or brought



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

from home. A few pupils found that they had been over-enthusiastic in their bidding, and the next time will find them more cautious. Every article that was purchased had been claimed and all I. O. U's have been redeemed."



JUNIOR RED CROSS members of Powers School, whose pictures you see on the back cover, were quite concerned when they learned that because of the shortage of help, a huge bean crop near Fort Smith, Arkansas, was in danger of going to waste. Sixty-eight boys and girls drove to the farm in trucks. For two hours one afternoon they really worked hard. Only nine in the group had had no experience at all, so it is not surprising that some 535 pounds of beans were harvested.

A railroad under construction to serve a new Army camp out in Illinois was chartered to run right through a cornfield. When Junior Red Cross members of Macomb, Illinois, heard about it, they asked the officer in charge if they might not salvage the corn and sell it for the benefit of the J. R. C. Fifty boys went out and husked and sold about 400 bushels of corn, netting nearly \$150 for the J. R. C. Service Fund.



J. R. C. MEMBERS of the Isle of Man picked two tons of blackberries which they sold for £400 to factories which will use the berries to make jam. In Pluckly, Kent, England, the boys had a "produce stall," and sold vegetables from their school gardens. The money was used to help children who have suffered as a result of bombings.



JUNIOR RED CROSS members of Memphis, Tennessee, made 500 Mother's Day greeting cards in their art classes and forwarded them to soldiers in near-by Camp

Tyson. The men were glad to have the cards arrive in plenty of time for remailing to their mothers. Lapboards, games, puzzles and scrapbooks were made and sent to the men, too.



CIGAR BOXES, ordinarily discarded, have been used by J. R. C. members in a variety of ways. In Pasadena, California, members have found plywood quite difficult to get. So they have used cigar boxes which local merchants have been glad to give them, to make combination backgammon and checkerboards. Each box is then filled with checkers, dice, a pack of cards, a pad and pencil—sometimes, even, chessmen or a small cribbage board.

In Nashville, Tennessee, elementary school members have collected not only cigar boxes but chalk boxes with lids. These have been sent to the Army Air Force Classification center to hold surgical instruments.



ACTING for allied governments, the American Red Cross is now distributing 3,500 tons of milk each month to some 350,000 undernourished children in Algeria and Morocco. In all of the large cities, such as Algiers, Constantine, Bone, Bougie, Sidi-Bel-Abbes, Casablanca, Fez, Rabat and so on, there is a real shortage of milk and the American Red Cross distribution—carried out regardless of race, religion, or financial status—will keep on as long as there is a need. School children are given three-quarters of a pint of milk at school six days a week. Those of school age who for some reason are at home, come to the nearest school and drink their milk each day. And the boys and girls who aren't yet old enough to go to school are served at centers set up to do just that. The milk is given to some of the mothers who need it,



These boys from Madison School, Ogden, Utah, are loading books and magazines they collected into a Red Cross station wagon to go to the soldiers' day rooms at Ogden Air Depot

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION





WAR ON WASTE



VICTORY BOOK
CAMPAIGN



NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE

too. Already the American Red Cross has sent to North Africa about 41 tons of supplies including 1100 blankets, 25,000 infants' layettes, and large quantities of women's and children's clothing.

An emergency request of British authorities was met by the American Red Cross when two of our representatives left Cairo, Egypt, with three truck loads of food for distribution to women and children of Italian and Arabian populations in Tripolitania, Libya. The trucks, marked with the Red Cross, went on the long trek across Italian Libya. They were loaded with 15,000 pounds of dried milk, and lots of rolled oats and chocolate. The supplies provided three weeks' feeding for Italian mothers, children, invalids and civilian casualties in Tripoli, and for the Arab population in the area. The American Red Cross keeps relief stocks in the Middle East and has helped Greek, Polish and other refugees in Iran and Syria, Italians in Eritrea, and the bombed people of Alexandria.



OSTERVILLE, Massachusetts, Grade School members are going in for the collection of fat in a big way. Not a drop is wasted in homes of boys and girls enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. So much has been brought in that it is a weekly occurrence now to see some fifty boys and girls walking down to the local market carrying, all together, 100 pounds or so of fat. This weekly parade is lots of fun, and the members who have brought fat from home wear around their necks large yellow banners of construction paper, 12 x 18 in size, bearing such slogans as "The Little Soldier Behind the Front," "We're in the Fight, Too!," "Help Uncle Sam: Join the Fat Parade." Before starting for the local market, the boys and girls in the "Fat Parade" visit each schoolroom urging others to help, too. Many villagers, seeing the Jun-



At Ann Street School, Newark, New Jersey, boys, above, set type and print instructions for playing games made by industrial arts classes. The games and directions are for servicemen

ior Red Cross Fat Parade, have become interested and have donated waste fat to the J. R. C., even though they have no children in school.



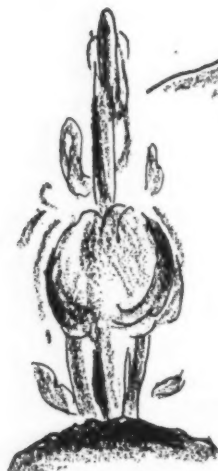
BOYS and girls throughout the world are working shoulder to shoulder with American Junior Red Cross members in the war effort. M. Georges Mil-

som, Director of the Junior Red Cross Bureau of the League of Red Cross Societies, Geneva, wrote recently: "I would like every Junior Red Cross member to know how we at the League Secretariat appreciate their unselfish devotion, their perseverance, their enthusiasm for their work, the efficiency and imagination they bring to it."

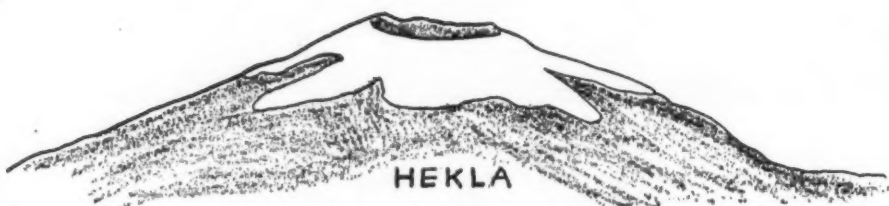
Sheeps' wool for the lining of a cozy quilt was gathered from the fields and hedges by pupils of the Red Cottage School, Walberton, England, and the boys washed and combed it. Pieces of material for the quilt were brought and put together by the girls, and the quilt was sent to the Red Cross for the enjoyment of some bombed-out children.

Using wooden spindles, Dannevirke, New Zealand, members are spinning wool from which they are making sea-boot stockings for the Merchant Navy. The spindles are like those used before spinning wheels were invented. When the yarn is spun from the fleece, the spindle is first turned to the right. In making two-ply, a white ball is thrown over one shoulder and a black ball over the other, so that the wool does not get tangled. The sea-boot stockings knitted from wool spun on these spindles are about one yard long.

Yellow Grass School, Saskatchewan, decided to earn money for their Service Fund by holding a J. R. C. bazaar. All the articles were handmade, including leather and felt ornaments, aprons, towels, pictures on glass, and a variety of things made in woodworking classes. Profits were \$32.50.



GEYSIR



HEKLA

Boys and girls in the U.S.A.

We children in Iceland
send you hearty greet-
ings.



OUR SCHOOL

There are many geysers
and hot springs here.
The largest one is Geys-
ir, the most famous gey-
ser in the world. Near
Reykjavik, our capital,
are hot springs and the
water from them is us-
ed to heat our houses.



THE SHIP OF
LEIF THE LUCKY



FARMER



HORSE

We children can swim
in warm pools all winter.
Our country is not cold
even though it is called
Iceland. It seldom snows
in Reykjavik, but there
are glaciers on top of the
highest mountains.



FARMER'S
WIFE

Leif the Lucky, who discov-

This scroll, on behalf of the Junior Red Cross of Iceland, was composed by an eleven-year-old boy, Örnólfur Thorlacius, to thank American Junior Red Cross members for the gifts they have sent. The original scroll, only part of which is shown here, is in full color. Following the Icelandic poetry, the message continues on a third decorated page: "Egil Skallagrímsson, a man who lived at the same time



FARM

ered America, was an
Icelander. We speak the
same language as he did
a thousand years ago. Now
you can hear how our thous-
and year old language sounds:



WATERFALL



SHEEP

»Það mælti min móðir
að mér stóldi laupa
fley og fagrar árar,
fara á brott með

víkingum

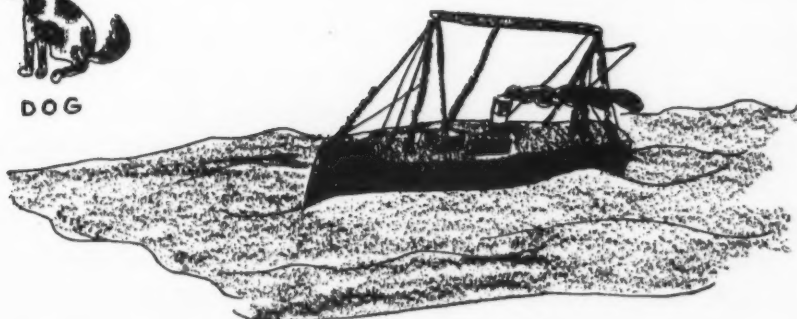
standa upp í stafni
stóra dörum knerri
halda svo til hafnar
höggva mann og annan.«



EIDER-
DUCKS



DOG



ICELAND
AIRPLANE

as Leif the Lucky, made this verse. Every child in Iceland knows it, and many jewels of literature from that time, besides.

"There are many Junior Red Cross groups in different parts of Iceland. Finally, we wish to thank you very warmly for the Christmas presents which you sent us. Sincere greetings, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." With money from the National Children's Fund, American Junior Red Cross members have sent to boys and girls in Iceland not only gift boxes but garden tools, pails and shovels, sacks of assorted toy blocks, 16,000 candy bars, 8,000 pencil boxes, and fifty films, some in color, showing recreation, sports and other subjects.



"Gracious!" Louis thought. "The Wizard has brought me a lot of medicine"

LOUIS Perron and his wife lived in a little white cottage on the Island of Jersey.

Jersey is one of the islands off the south coast of England which are called the Channel Islands, because they lie in the English Channel. The Channel is part of the sea between France and England. The Channel Islands are close to the shores of France. Now these islands are in the hands of the Germans, but one day they will be freed.

One of the best friends of the Perrons was the Wizard, for this story happened a long time ago.

The Wizard was walking past the Perron cottage one day when he saw Louis out in the garden, leaning on his hoe and looking very unhappy.

"Good morning," called the Wizard. "What makes you so miserable on this beautiful morning?"

Louis groaned. "It's my rheumatism," he said. "You know that every year I grow a great many cabbages to sell in the town market. I have to bend over to pick the caterpillars off them, and soon

The Wizard's Magic Powder

Alfred S. Campbell

Pictures by Alexander Key

I will have to do even more bending to cut off the cabbages and load them into my cart. Oh, dear; oh, dear! My poor back! How it aches!"

The Wizard reached into his jacket pocket, pulled out his thinking-cap and put it on.

Louis cheered up when he saw that. "You're going to help me!" he cried. "Perhaps you have a magic powder that cures rheumatism!"

The Wizard smiled mysteriously, thought a moment, and put the thinking-cap back into his pocket. "I think I can help," he said. "I'll be back." Off he went down the lane.

In exactly an hour he was back, bent almost double under the weight of the heavy sack on his shoulders.

Louis turned pale. "Gracious!" he thought. "Can that be medicine for rheumatism? What an awful lot! I wonder if it has a nasty taste. It certainly doesn't smell nice!"

He helped the Wizard to set down the sack. The Wizard wiped his forehead. "Whew!" he sighed. "That was a heavy load! I would have asked you to help, but it would have been bad for your rheumatism. Look in the sack."

Louis did so, and saw that it was full of black powder. It smelled like dead fish and rotted leaves and cow stables that hadn't been cleaned for a long time.

"Phew!" said Louis. "Do I have to

take all that nasty medicine, Wizard?"

"No," answered the Wizard, "you don't have to take it. It is for your cabbages. If it works, it will help your rheumatism. Help me now, and we'll sprinkle a little of the powder around the stem of each cabbage."

The two of them scattered some powder around each cabbage plant. When they had finished the last cabbage, the powder was all used up.

Louis looked disappointed. "Nothing seems to be happening," he said.

The Wizard laughed. "Oh, you can't expect results so soon. I'll be back early tomorrow, and then we'll see."

It rained in the night. Soon after day-break, the Wizard knocked at the door. Dame Perron opened it. "Good morning, Wizard," she said. "Louis has just gone to the garden."

The Wizard went to the garden and there stood Louis. His mouth was wide open as he gazed at his cabbages. The stem of each had grown during the night until the cabbage heads were as high as the top



of his own head. "Look! Look!" he cried. "See what your magic powder has done! Now I can pick off the caterpillars without bending over! And I can cut off the heads for market while I am standing straight! No more lame backs for me!"

"The stalks will make good walking-sticks, too," suggested the Wizard, "and the leaves which grow along the stalks will make good food for your cow, Vancotte. Well, well, my magic powder worked just as I hoped."

"Louis, Louis!" called Dame Perron from the cottage. "Come to breakfast. You, too, of course, Wizard. We are having hot cakes with peach syrup, and fried eggs and bacon, and nice hot tea."

Louis hurried so fast that the Wizard saw he had forgotten his rheumatism.

The people of the Island of Jersey must still use the Wizard's magic powder, for if you ever visit there you will see that all the cabbages still grow as high as a man's head, so that no one has to bend over to pick them.

Opening the Cottage

Mary Stephens Hartley

WE CAME in by the kitchen door
And saw the firewood on the floor;
And even in the heavy gloom
We knew the look of every room.
We hurried to let in the sun,
Unlocked the shutters one by one;
Then carried out the porch things first,
For that's the place that looks the
worst—

So bare, I mean. We hung the swing,
And filled the lamps, aired everything.
I found a ship which I had made,
My fishing-line, some marmalade
And things in tins to have for tea,
To make our first meal by the sea;
And how you love things found on
shelves
That spent the winter by themselves!

Summer

Pleasuring

ED MYERS



During a labor shortage, J. R. C. members in Fort Smith, Arkansas, helped farmers save bean crops and earned money for the N.C.F. Right: Minneapolis, Minnesota, members earned money by giving marionette shows with dolls they made

COURTESY LARCHMONT TIMES



COURTESY MINNEAPOLIS TIMES BY DON BERG

Left: In Larchmont, New York, members sew table covers for servicemen's recreation rooms. They also help to fold disposal bags made of newspaper for Grassland Hospital

War on waste goes on the year round in Bay City, Michigan, where boys (left, center) collect tin cans regularly for salvage

COURTESY BAY CITY TIMES



Circle: In Gordon Junior High, Washington, D. C., students make oilcloth kittens to amuse children in hospitals

Left: The Bicycle Corps of Savannah, Georgia, lines up for a big job this summer

COURTESY SAVANNAH NEWS



